

HE HAD PITY.

Educating a Singer and the Gratitude He Displayed in Return.

JAZEB WILSON, whose fifty-two years of life had been passed in single blessedness, had little in common with the rest of the world.

His faults were many and his virtues few. His two redeeming points—call them virtues if you will—were generosity verging on weakness in individual cases and a love for music.

Late one night he came out of St. James' hall, buttoned his coat up round his neck, dived his hands into his pockets, and made for home. On his way he entered a cafe and took a cup of coffee.

As he sipped the beverage his ear, ever on the alert for music, caught the sounds of a voice that was at once rich and melodious.

Jabez listened attentively for five minutes, during which time the song continued with short intervals of silence. At length it stopped altogether. Jabez asked the waiter attending him to fetch in the person singing.

The waiter returned less than a minute ushering in a young man of a distinctly Italian cast of countenance, whom he introduced as Luigi the bottle-washer.

"Well, my man, you have an extremely fine voice. Did you know that? With due care and training there ought to be both fame and fortune for you. You would like to be something better than a bottle-washer all your life, eh, my man?"

Luigi, in a wondering sort of way, nodded.

"That's right, that's right, my man. Here is my card. Come and see me at my house to-morrow at half-past six. I want to have a serious talk with you. Can you come?"

"Yes, sir—that is, no, sir. Not to-morrow. I work till eleven every night during the week."

"Oh, oh! such is the irony of fate," muttered Jabez. "Can you come on Sunday?"

"Yes, sir, I will come."

True to his word, Luigi, clothed in his Sunday garments, found himself in Mr. Wilson's drawing-room the following Sunday evening.

"Luigi, you have a most charming voice. It is, at present, in what I may term an embryo form. The foundation is there in all its strength, and a couple of years' careful training will place you without a doubt in one of the top-most branches of the vocal tree."

"You must make a point of cultivating your voice on every possible occasion, Luigi. Avoid those articles of food which I shall give you a list of, that your vocal cords may retain the sweetness, strength and fullness that now marks them."

"Your clothes, too, are unsuited to the pupil of a vocal professor. You must fit yourself out like a gentleman, Luigi. You must exercise care, and take a pride in your personal appearance—in short, be in every respect worthy of your profession."

As Luigi's profession was that of bottle-washer at an Italian restaurant, he naturally failed to see how he could well give further evidence of his occupation by the suit in which he appeared before this strange gentleman.

"Dear me, of course. I must explain to you, Luigi, what I propose to do. I am too hasty. First and foremost, do you like music?"

"I am an Italian," was the modest reply.

"Grand. A most fitting answer. Now we will come to business. Would you like to give up your present menial occupation and become, first, the pupil of a musician, and then a master of the art you will excel in?"

"That is beyond my hopes, sir. I have no money."

Jabez Wilson threw up his hands. "That's all right. I will see to that little matter. Give me the name of a man that you will put your whole heart into the work I have cut out for you, and will do your best. I ask for nothing more."

A few days later Luigi left his situation, and became the protégé of Mr. Wilson. To say that Luigi was a native would be to put the feeling he evinced toward his benefactor in very mild terms.

He could find no way of expressing his gratitude beyond making himself as perfect in his art as it became possible for him to do.

"Luigi," said Mr. Wilson one day, "I am delighted to tell you that it is now beyond the capabilities of English masters to teach you further. It remains for the masters of your native land to instill into you that little remainder to render you their equal, if not their superior. I have decided, therefore, to take you to Naples, where we will spend the next year or two."

For the first time since their odd acquaintance, Luigi laid himself out for any sign of pleasure or satisfaction. He looked gloomy and hesitated to speak.

"You have always been extremely kind and good to me, Mr. Wilson. I cannot by any possible means express my gratitude. But the suggestion you have made, although entirely for my good, fills me with pain. I cannot leave England, because—because I am going to get married."

"The dickens you are!" roared the infuriated bachelor, mad with rage. "This, sir, is the way in which you show your gratitude. You Italian dog—your second—your—"

He stopped short. What an idiot he

was Luigi was only flesh and blood, and young blood at that.

"Luigi," he began, after the silence of the moment, "is this girl of yours a suitable partner to accompany you on your upward career through life? You will stand at the head of your art, and she will pass in the highest circles of European society."

"She, whatever her post in life now, may be ill-fitted to grace the drawing-room of the aristocracy, or to sit by your side in the carriage that draws you to your mansion."

"You love her now—she is everything to you. But may be, however, when you may be led to make odds comparisons between her simplicity and the winning faces of beautiful women."

My kind benefactor, that is impossible. I shall always love Maggie as much as I do now."

Jabez Wilson sighed. It was a sad blow to his vanity and to his peace of mind.

"Think it over, lad," he began. "When the first pang of grief at parting has passed, you will forget about your lovely girl in the whirlwind of your fame, and she will soon put you from her mind. Come to me to-morrow and let me know what you intend doing."

The next day Mr. Wilson received a visit from Maggie. She came in tears to beg his consent. His heart was touched at the sight of a woman in sorrow, and, reviling himself for a cold-blooded monster, he told her, in an outburst of generosity, to go and marry Luigi as many times as she liked.

After a twelvemonth spent in Italy Luigi became perfect. His first appearance in public was made in Gerardo, and, as he retreated behind the curtains that night, old Jabez Wilson waited to press his hands and to tell him that his dream was at last realized.

Jabez Wilson walked out of his solicitor's office penniless. The bank of which he was principal shareholder had failed, and, in conjunction with a few minor disasters, had robbed him of every penny he had possessed. He had never in his life done a stroke of work, and was not even capable of a clerical position.

The apartments he had occupied were given up; the club was never again to see him or hear what had become of him; the fine old wines in his cellar fetched sufficient to pay his long-standing rent, with a surplus to keep him in food and lodgings for a few weeks—that was all.

From his scanty store he drew a penny every day to search the papers for news of Luigi's success. He could not help himself to write him and to tell him everything. It was plain enough to know that the man whom he had dragged from obscurity should at that moment be making Europe vibrate with the splendor of his voice.

One night, as he crouched over the fire in the doshouse he frequented, reading the paper, a short paragraph at the foot of a column caught his eye.

"Early yesterday morning the body of a woman was found in the Grand canal at Venice. She is said to be the wife of Luigi, the well-known singer, with whom she is supposed to have lived a wretched life. There are no marks of violence on the body, and the authorities have passed a verdict of suicide while temporarily insane."

Jabez Wilson's forehead had been relaxed on too full, and the broken down man cried like a child.

A week later he stood outside the doshouse with exactly a penny in his pocket.

He stood wondering what he should do, when his musical instincts, which had been crushed and laid dormant for so long, arose within him. He hurried along the street, entered a shop, and purchased a tin whistle with his one remaining copper.

An hour later, and he walked slowly along the middle of the road, his threadbare coat buttoned up round his neck, an old battered hat pressed tightly down over the straggling gray hair that blew in the cold wind, and his dry lips pressed against the whistle.

He was playing "Home, Sweet Home"—that was all he knew.

In front of a respectable hotel he stood and played, with one foot on the pavement. A tall, black-bearded gentleman, evidently a foreigner, wrapped in a priceless fur coat, came down the steps of the hotel in company with a beautiful woman, under the full glare of the lamp.

Instinctively the instrument fell from the lips of the player, as he muttered, half aloud:

"Luigi!"

The Italian peered into the pale, pinched, upturned face.

"So you have come to this, eh?" he asked in a whisper, lest his companion should hear, at the same time drawing half a crown from his pocket, "my unfortunate friend."

He turned abruptly, half ashamed when the woman by his side told him to come away from the beggar.

"I come, Mirand." Then, as she took his arm and he handed her in a brougham: "I have pity for these poor musicians."—Pearson's Weekly.

Bike or Bicycle.

"Bike" is a piece of boisterous slang, but it may be said for it that at least it is honest, and makes no pretense to elegance, whereas "wheel," the other synonym for "bicycle," does make a pretense to elegance, or at least to respectability. It is better to say "bike," and be aware that you are using out-of-date language, than to say "wheel," and suppose yourself to be speaking valid English.—Harper's Weekly.

FASHION LETTER.

Costumes for the Autumn Girl—Plaided Fabrics Will Be Popular.

Special New York Correspondence.

The "autumn girl" is slowly, but surely, making herself ready to replace the ubiquitous "summer girl," who has had it all her own way for months past. But who can deny, after all, that the "autumn girl" has not the better time of the two? She feels, and certainly looks, better than was possible during the sultry heat of midsummer, and when the wind whistles in her hair, she feels as if she were in a sunny fall coat, out on a spin or a smart walk on a cool, brilliant autumn afternoon.

The array of things charming for the face is quite as tempting and elegant as anything the waning season has presented. Many of the chic, light wool mohairs and shepherds' check costumes that have prevailed will continue to be worn until winter, but these will be added to by a host of as stylish and handsome fabrics in fancy mixed tones, English tweeds, serges, sackings and tailor cloths, as have ever been produced. Among the novelties are Persian in rich color-mixtures, the figures having the silk effect noticeable in all these groups worn this summer. There are also handsome French plaids in boucle effects, Gordon and Mackenzie clans being prominent. Plaided fabrics are always very much out of style. There appear to be no half-measures regarding these gay tartans. For the autumn season they will be exceedingly popular for gowns made in colonial style, the long-sleeved, like bodice forms of finely-corded wool, the shade of one of the leading colors in the plaided skirt.

Some beautiful silk-warp wool gowns, in gray of a pure silver tint, and the softer fawn colors—more becoming to the majority of complexions—will be made in simple fashion, lined throughout with taffeta that have the swish and rustle of silk. The skirt is gored, with one very large gore on each side and full plaits in the back. The moderate-length coat opens over a vest of contrasting color, and the sleeves are in the latest Persian shape—only medium in size and finished with deep, turn-back cuffs, made of the vest fabric. In the September number of "L'Art de la Mode"

is given a perfect model of this new sleeve. It is illustrated on the outside of the magazine's pretty cover. Some of the gray gowns are in redingote style, with mutton-leg sleeves and a sailor collar; others, again, are in colonial style, buttoned down the back and trimmed with millinery folds of corded silk. The shade of the dress fabric. Hand-some of all are those made with the bodice drapings lined with colored silks, the skirt lined with the same, the vest to match and the hem of the skirt finished with a ruche crimped on each edge and very narrow. These will be a great vogue for two seasons to come, for repped silks and corded silk and wool, and all wool textiles.

The last importation from Paris shows, among other pretty novelties, a change in the pattern of the patterned foulards and soft-finished fancy satins that can be worn as a wrap or late into the autumn. Some of these are the shot twill foulards and that a new and wear-well and keep their colors perfectly. One beautiful pattern changes from deepest rose-color to dark reseda green, with a stripe on the surface in velvet ribbon and an exquisite design in ecru guipure lace, with a ruche at the skirt hem, formed of rose-color and dark green corded silk plaited up together. This ruche reaches only to the wide plaits in the back. The skirt is gored on the front and sides and silk-lined, with an interlining only at the hem.

Pequin and the very shortest cape that merely cover the shoulders will be the first sign of wraps of larger dimensions to follow further on. A number of the fall capes are finished with a hood, or else a sailor collar, ending in long pointed revers down the front. Others are shaped by many seams that are covered with rich trim and have a rolling Stuart collar. Velvet blouses, in black, brown and green, in moss or reseda shades, will be even more fashionable than they were last spring. These are closely fitted, with the drooping effect just in front, and they have bishop or mutton-leg sleeves and a plain turn-down collar. They will be extremely popular; first, because they greatly enrich any costume at comparatively small expense—and velvet is always becoming—and, again, because they can be worn until several cold weather with any handsome skirt without the cumbersome wrap which crushes the sleeves of the bodice.

KATE DUNHAM.

AGRICULTURAL HINTS.

TROLLEY FREIGHT CARS.

Country Produce Brought to Market Over Electric Roads.

The first great use to which the electric car was devoted was passenger transportation in cities and suburban districts. But for about three years postal service has been promoted in large cities like St. Louis, Cleveland, Brooklyn and Boston by the construction and operation of special cars for the collection and distribution of mail sacks. The saving in time and effort is leading to a steady extension of such facilities wherever the experiment has been tried, and to the adoption of the system in new fields. In St. Louis, which has shown a particularly progressive spirit in this direction, a leading

electric baggage and passenger car expresses beginning to collect a large part of the freight with similar cars. Teams are not entirely dispensed with, but bring loads to three sub-stations for transfer to the electric cars and also distribute matter delivered at those points. The enterprise is reported to have proved profitable. In the same city an electric ambulance, designed to run on trolley roads, has been built for communication between the city dispensary and the various hospitals; and at last accounts there was talk of developing that idea still further.

Still another branch of transportation that is beginning to attract attention is the freight traffic in rural districts conducted by electric cars. Farmers not only have a chance thus afforded to run into town themselves, but they have facilities for shipping their produce to market. For instance, the Mo-

Keesport, Duquesne & Wilmerding line in western Pennsylvania, only a few miles long, operates "combination" (baggage and passenger) cars, freight cars and open trailers for vegetables, besides special lines for hauling sand, bricks, lumber and theatrical scenery.

Formerly traffic between the terminal points of this route was conducted over two other roads meeting like a V at Pittsburgh. Now it takes a straight cut across, over a ridge 1,300 feet high, saving distance and expense. A great deal of mail and express matter goes by the new line. Mails and local freight are now carried by a trolley line from Lenape to West Chester, Pa., and also on the Rockland, Thomaston & Camden (Me.) trolley line, which latter is about a dozen miles long. Two very interesting freight schemes, which are urban rather than rural, are the special provision on electric roads in Frankfort, Ky., for handling whisky, and in Spokane, Wash., for handling coal, when the electric line is used.

The new means of transportation displaces ordinary drags.

Farmers and orchardists in California are much interested just now in a line nearly 50 miles long, which is under construction between Marysville and Auburn, in a particularly productive region. This enterprise has been undertaken expressly to get produce to market more cheaply than has been possible heretofore. It will enable the shippers to load directly on to the cars of the Central Pacific at Auburn. The power for this is derived from the South Yuba Water company, and after the water has turned the turbines which drive dynamos, it is taken up again in irrigating canals for further service to the grower of fruits and vegetables. There are other parts of this country where similar railroads ought to prove profitable to those who undertake them.—N. Y. Tribune.

WISDOM FROM CANADA.

How Good Roads Would Benefit the Dairyman of the Provinces.

We have in our province, writes an Ontario editor, 1,250 cheese or butter factories. Each receives on an average 4,000 pounds of milk a day, being 5,000,000 pounds of milk and 750,000,000 pounds per season for the whole province. On account of the bad condition of our roads not more than 800 pounds of milk are carried in each load brought to the factory, which is five loads per day, or 750 loads per season, on an average for each factory. Putting each load at 50 cents, which is not too high, on account of the whey being carried back to the farmer, this represents an expenditure of \$375 for each factory. For the whole province, calculating that 750,000,000 pounds of milk are carried, it represents an amount of \$468,750.

Let us suppose now that we have everywhere good roads instead of bad ones. Then we will certainly be able to draw 1,200 pounds of milk instead of loads of 800 pounds. In that case instead of having to carry 750,000,000 pounds of milk in 937,500 loads of 800 pounds each, at a cost of \$468,750, we would have to carry only 625,000 loads of 1,200 pounds, which at the same cost of 50 cents would represent only \$312,500 of expenditure, making a saving in favor of good roads of \$156,250 for the whole province.

How to Make Farming Pay.

The best way to utilize the farm is to raise a variety of all kinds of grain and raise enough stock to consume it all; then farmers would have an abundance of fertilizers which would feed the run-down land and save the cost of commercial fertilizers. Have an abundance of home-grown fruit and a large garden to supply the kitchen for the coming year. The stock should be as near pure bred as possible. If you have any scrubs get rid of them as soon as possible and replace them with good ones. If dairying is in view, select something like the Jersey or Guernsey, but if it be beef you are after, it should be some heavier breed.—Farm and Home.

ACCOUNT books at this season would be of assistance. They enable the farmer to know just how much crop cost, and in estimating the results he will partially be guided in his next season's operations.

THE BUTTER FLAVOR.

Prof. Cona Improves It by a Simple System of Bacteriology.

Prof. H. C. Cona has been doing work for which dairymen should be grateful. During the past two years he has been experimenting in the discovery and cultivation of the proper bacteria for improving the flavor of butter, and in the production of creamy butter.

Prof. Cona has succeeded in discovering the particular bacillus of which he went in search, and which he has christened "Bacillus No. 14." This useful member of the numerous bacterian family does surprising things in the way of ripening cream in the butter making. Six to eight quarts of cream were put into a metal vessel and "pasteurized." The cream was then heated to 158 degrees Fahr., and left for ten minutes. The vessel was removed and cooled quickly by means of cold water, and when the temperature had dropped to 60 degrees the bacilli were poured in and the mixture stirred thoroughly. The vessel was then covered and put into the ripening room. After a couple of days the cream was churned, and the butter milk remaining was set aside for future use. The six quarts were ripened for the purpose of increasing the number of bacteria, and securing a strong culture for use in the large cream vat of the creamery. The butter milk was then inoculated into the day's cream supply, and this cream allowed to ripen in regular time, at a warm temperature, and churned as usual. Before churning a quantity was set aside to use for inoculation in the next day's supply, and in this manner continued indefinitely. The first six quarts of cream produced moderately good butter, but not quite the flavor wanted. The first large churning, however, was an improvement. A delicate flavor also developed, which seemed to deteriorate after two or three weeks. This deterioration was remedied by a fresh inoculation from the laboratory. The results attained have been so satisfactory that Prof. Cona intends to introduce this inoculation process in all the large creameries in the United States within the next year.

HAULING FODDER CORN.

A Wagon Like the One Described Saves Lots of Hard Work.

A handy wagon for hauling fodder corn, corn for the silo or corn stover as well as the other bulky crops is shown below. The rear wheels are 2 feet high,

the front wheels 3 feet 8 inches. A platform is made of inch boards and may extend beyond the rear axle as far as desired or according to length of corn, so the corn can be laid straight. A rope is tied to the crosspiece at the rear end of the platform, and, all well to run the whole length of the platform, a, with end enough to come back over the corn as at a, after it is loaded on the wagon. The rope is used for unloading, by being pulled, the whole load coming off at once. This platform can be built long enough to come within one foot of the ground at rear end of wagon, so the men loading can step on to it and lay the corn down, but I prefer for them to hand it to the driver, because he is more apt to lay it straight. The load can be taken off in less than one minute. I can haul more with this wagon than with two of the ordinary kind. The wheels can be made heavier or lower, just as anyone likes.—T. E. Clarke, in Farm and Home.

FRESH DAIRY NOTES.

VALELINE is good for a local application in case of sore teats.

WATER, good, pure water and plenty of it, should be kept within reach of the cows in hot weather.

ALSIKE clover is capital for milch cows. It is a good plant, however, to have both it and red clover.

Never hurry the cow the least particle when coming from the field and the udder is full almost to bursting.

The heifer can be milked when two years old. We could not begin to milk a heifer under twenty months old, at least.

COWS NEED salt every day. It aids digestion. Rock salt kept where they can have free access to it is a good thing.

THE ox warble is a great enemy to the health and even the lives of cattle. They should be squeezed out in the spring. If necessary, open the hole with a sharp knife.—Farmers' Voice.

The Special Purpose Cow.

Dairying is a special business, and a successful dairy needs a special purpose cow, just as any special business requires a special man—the one cannot profitably do without the other.

As an example of what the special purpose cow can do, take the work of the great queen of the Jerseys, Blison's Belle, who made over 1,028 pounds in one year. Of course not many of us expect to have a cow that will do that well; but by care and feed we can increase the number of pounds each year until we shall have an average yield of which we may be proud. The average farmer has cows that are special in the sense that they will raise a skim-milk calf, make 75 or 100 pounds of butter when the price is low, and remain idle when it is high; while the special purpose cow will net him two or three times as much for his labor, if she is taken care of the year around.—Farmers' Voice.

Common Sense in Road-Making.

There are many ways that our roads can be materially improved. To begin with, fit men should be selected to have charge of the work—those who are experienced in making and keeping the roads in proper condition.

If the water and stone are kept out of the road and broad tires used on all heavily loaded vehicles, with the rear axle long enough so that the wheels will track just outside of the forward one, it will be a large part of what there is to do towards making our country roads what they ought to be for comfort and utility. So long as Tom, Dick and that other fellow are selected to oversee the highway work, without any regard to selecting them because of their fitness, just so long may we expect to have unsatisfactory roads.—Western Rural.

Highest of all in Leavening Power—Latest U.S. Gov't Report

Real Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

—The second battle of Manassas or Bull Run was fought August 30, 1862. The battle was indeed one of which Gen. Lee had good reason to be proud. It would be hard to find a better instance of the masterly comprehension of the actual condition of things which marks a great general than was exhibited in Gen. Lee's allowing our formidable attack, in which more than half the federal army was taking part, to be fully developed and to burst upon the exhausted troops of Stonewall Jackson, while Lee, relying upon less ability of that able soldier to maintain his position, was maturing and arranging for the great attack on our left flank by the powerful corps of Longstreet.

—Twelve members of Lord Salisbury's cabinet are directors in from one to four commercial companies each, according to the Investor's Review, which seven are free from entanglement. Mr. Arthur Balfour is one of the latter, but his brother Gerald, is director in no less than seven companies of a speculative character.

—Pope Adrian is said never to have read any book but the Bible, the works of St. Augustine and the offices of the church.

A Syndicate of Monsters.

Here are the names of the abominable trio that composed the syndicate which by man and womankind—dyspepsia, biliousness and constipation. What is the most successful way to attack and subdue these united monsters? Take Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and they will pull up stakes and make tracks for you, leaving no trace behind. The Bitters also cures malaria, rheumatism and kidney trouble and nervous ailments.

Host—"Never shall I forget the time when I first drew this sword." Chorus—"When was that?" Host—"At a traffic."—Firefly.

Skinny Sufferers Saved.

Tobacco users as a rule are away below normal weight because tobacco destroys digestion and causes nerve irritation that saps brain power and vitality. You can get a quick, guaranteed relief by use of No-To-Bac, and then if you don't like your freedom and improved physical condition you can learn the use of tobacco again just like the first time. No-To-Bac sold under guarantee to cure by Druggists everywhere. Book free. Ad. Sturgis Remedy Co., New York City or Chicago.

"A fit husband for my daughter! Why, in the first place, she's half a head taller than you." "Well, sir, I don't expect to be so short after I am married."—Life.

Cheap Excursions to the West.

Bountiful harvests are reported from all sections of the west and northwest, and an exceptionally favorable opportunity for home seekers and those desiring a change of location is offered by the series of low-rate excursions which have been arranged by the Great Northern Railway Company. These excursions, with favorable time limits, will be sold on August 29, September 10 and 24 to points in the West and Northwest, including, South Dakota, Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming, Utah, Arizona, Idaho, Montana, Oregon, California, Nevada, and New Mexico. For full information apply to agents of connecting lines, or address W. B. Kistner, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago & North-Western Ry., Chicago, Ill.

AFTER physicians had given me up, I was saved by Pilo's Cure.—RALPH ERING, Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Nov. 22, 1893.

FEELING hearts, touch them but rightly, pour a thousand melodies unheard before.—Bogart.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is taken internally. Price 75c.

THE MARKETS.

New York, September 2, 1895.

CATTLE—Native Steers..... \$ 1.50 @ 1.55
COTTON—Medium..... 10 @ 11
FLOUR—Winter Wheat..... 2.75 @ 2.85
WHEAT—No. 2 Hard..... 61 @ 62
CORN—No. 2..... 34 @ 35
OATS—No. 2..... 24 @ 25
PORE—Prime Steers..... 11.00 @ 11.15

ST. LOUIS
COTTON—Medium..... 9 @ 9.75
HAY—Choice..... 1.50 @ 1.60
HOGS—Medium..... 3.50 @ 3.60
SHEEP—Fat to Chicago..... 2.00 @ 2.10
FLOUR—Patents..... 1.10 @ 1.20
WHEAT—No. 2 Hard..... 61 @ 62
CORN—No. 2 Mixed..... 34 @ 35
OATS—No. 2..... 24 @ 25
PORE—Prime Steers..... 11.00 @ 11.15

CHICAGO
CATTLE—Shipping..... 2.75 @ 2.80
SHEEP—Fat to Chicago..... 2.00 @ 2.10
FLOUR—Spring Patents..... 1.10 @ 1.20
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring..... 61 @ 62
CORN—No. 2..... 34 @ 35
OATS—No. 2..... 24 @ 25
PORE—Prime Steers..... 11.00 @ 11.15

KANSAS CITY
CATTLE—Shipping..... 2.75 @ 2.80
HOGS—All Grades..... 3.50 @ 3.60
OATS—No. 2 Mixed..... 34 @ 35
CORN—No. 2..... 34 @ 35

ST. LOUIS
FLOUR—High Grade..... 2.75 @ 2.85
CORN—No. 2..... 34 @ 35
OATS—No. 2..... 24 @ 25
HAY—Choice..... 1.50 @ 1.60
BACON—New Mess..... 9 @ 9.75
COTTON—Medium..... 9 @ 9.75

WHEAT—No. 2 Red (new)..... 64 @ 65
CORN—No. 2 Mixed..... 34 @ 35
OATS—No. 2..... 24 @ 25
PORE—New Mess..... 9 @ 9.75
BACON—Clear Rib..... 9 @ 9.75
LARD—Prime Steers..... 11.00 @ 11.15

The Onward March

of Consumption is stopped short by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. If you haven't waited beyond reason, there's complete recovery and cure.

Although many have believed to be incurable, there is the evidence of hundreds of living witnesses to the fact that, in all its early stages, consumption, it will be a large part of what there is to do towards making our country roads what they ought to be for comfort and utility. So long as Tom, Dick and that other fellow are selected to oversee the highway work, without any regard to selecting them because of their fitness,